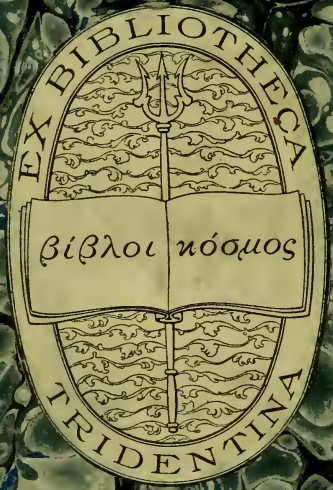
EX BIBLIOTHECA
βίβλοι κόσμος
TRIDENTINA

Treadwell · Elizabeth · Phillips · Kirstein · Wales · Bradlee · Stewart · Cutter · Kimball · Ford · Reed · Clement · Charlotte Harris · Whitney · Hyde · Bigelow · Skinner · Center · Knapp · Billings · Sewall ·

THE
WILLIAM P. TRENT COLLECTION
WORKS RELATING TO
DANIEL DEFOE
AND HIS TIME

THE·PUBLIC·LIBRARY
OF·THE·CITY·OF
BOSTON

Purchased from the Income of
SUNDRY TRUST FUNDS

no. 1 = 399990598 52937

no. 2 = " 2739

no. 3 = " 2911

no. 4 = " 2929

Defec.-
Dunck Philosopher
lacks ½ title &
pp 63-64. title & monitor.
Very rare.

3 4.

THE Dyet of *Poland*, A SATYR.

By Defoe. Avec [illegible] fi rabit Oblivion

PRINTED

At *Dantzick*, in the Year MDCCV.

The PREFACE.

AS *Poland* lyes almoſt in the ſame Latitude with *England*, ſo the Character the Poet has here given of the *Poles*, ſeems ſo exactly to match what ſome ill-natur'd People have ſaid of ſome in *England*, that he eaſily foreſees this Cenſorious Age will be apt to miſ-judge him, as if he had ſome Oblique Meaning, and that this was a *Satyr* levell'd at ſome People nearer Home than the Caſtle of *Warſaw*.

But the Author humbly hopes all ſuch *Inuendo-Men* will conſider, that as they can have no Reaſon to think ſo, but *Similitude* of Characters, ſo no Conjectures of theirs ought to pre-judge his Meaning, in which he demands to be left to himſelf, and expects to be underſtood in the following Poem as he *Speaks*, not as every prejudic'd Man may imagine he *meant*.

If any are ſo weak to tell us, That *Smithfield* and *Cheapſide* cannot be meant of *Poland*, the Author preſumes to ask ſuch People, if ever they have been at *Warſaw*; and if they have, and don't know that there is both a *Smithfield* and a *Cheapſide*, as well as a *May-Fair*, and a *Bear-garden*, he is ſorry for their Heads, and deſires them to ſtep thither again, to reform their Memories.

But ſuppoſe there are not places call'd directly by thoſe Names, If there are places apply'd to the ſame Uſes, what has any body to do to queſtion the Allegories? A poor Author muſt never Write at all, if he is not at liberty to choose his *Metaphors*, and all the reſt of the neceſſary Figures of Speech to help out his Expreſſion.

If 'tis alledg'd that there is too great an Affinity in the Story.----He anſwers, If that be true, he is ſorry for it; but at the ſame time he hopes not, and the Matter of Fact ought to be prov'd, before he ſtands Cenſur'd for Calumny.

---'Tis very hard, that a Man cannot Write of the Follies of other Nations, but People will be always comparing them with their own.. One would ha' thought the Author had travell'd far enough to find out Hiſtories and odd Paſſages to divert us; but if neither *China*, *Poland*, nor the Inhabitants of the *Moon* will protect Folks from being hang'd, as the *Frenchman* ſaid, *for tinking*, go on, Gentlemen, and if the *Cap* fits any Body let 'em wear it. You are welcome to ſay theſe *Poliſh* Grandees repreſent *Engliſhmen*,

 but

but look to it, *ye Sons of Censure*, that can Swear to a Man's Meaning, and knows his Inside without the help of his Outside: For if the People your Profundity pretends to describe, are affronted, the Action of Slander lyes against you, and not the Author. In the Writing 'tis a Poem, you, in the Reading turn it into a Libel, and you merit the Punishment for the Metamorphosis.

Perhaps there is a sort of Affinity among the Vitious part of Mankind in all Countries and Climates; and the Author doubts not he should have run the same Risque of Misconstruction, had he Wrote this at *Paris* as at *London*, that he should have been Summon'd before the Court of *Honour* for Libelling the Princes *of the Blood*, the *Sorbonne*, or the *Councellors of Parliament*; 'tis very hard it should fit there and here too.

Since then this is the Fate of Authors, and he must expect it, he submits, but desires however, that these Unchristian Censures will take this along with them, and so make a Vertue of their want of Charity, That wherever the Similitude of Character pinches them too close, they would prevent the Severity of the Application, by reforming the Likeness; the Satyr wou'd then have the desired Effect, *viz.* By drawing the imaginary Picture of Outlandish Devils, really transform your our own.

Nor do I apprehend the World will be less Sollicitous about who is the Author of this: Some perhaps will guess one, some another; and the *Hawkers*, they tell me, will according to Custom, cry it about Street in the famous Name of *Daniel de Foe*. And tho' they might as well guess it was Wrote by the Man in the *Moon*, yet I am content he, or any body else should go away with the Credit of it. 'Tis enough that I am out of the reach of the *Polish* Resentments, and cannot be Prosecuted by the *Cardinal* Primate, most of the Persons here toucht at, being his Friends, and all of them in his Interest; and as for the rest of the World, they may do their worst.

I am their Unconcerned Humble Servant,

Anglipoloski,

Of Lithuania.

THE DYET of *POLAND*, A SATYR.

IN Northern Climes where furious Tempests blow,
And Men more furious raise worse Storms below,
At Nature's Elbow, distant and remote,
Happy for Europe *had She been forgot*,
The World's *Proboscis*, near the Globe's Extremes,
For barb'rous Men renown'd, and barb'rous Names,
There *Poland* lies too much her Maker's Care,
And shares the mod'rate Blessings of the Air,
Just as far off from Heav'n as we are here:
Under the Artick Circle of the Sky,
Where Vertues Streams run low, and Natures high,
For Heat of Clime too far, of Blood too nigh,
Temper'd for Plenty, plenteously supply'd,
With Men advanc'd in ev'ry Grace *but Pride*.
A mighty Nation throngs the groaning Land,
Rude as the Climate, num'rous as the Sand:
Uncommon monstruous *Vertues* they possess,
Strange odd prepostrous *Polish* Qualities;
Mysterious Contraries they reconcile,
The *Pleasing Frown* and the *Destroying Smile*;
Precisely gay, and most absurdly grave,
Most *humbly high*, and *barbarously brave*;
Debauch'dly Civil and *Prophanely Good*,
And fill'd with *Gen'rous* brave *Ingratitude*,
By *Bounty disoblig'd*, by *Hatred won*,
Bold in their Danger, Cowards when 'tis gone;
To their own Ruin they're the only Tools,
Wary of Knaves, and eas'ly chous'd by Fools;
Profoundly empty, yet *declar'dly wise*,
And fond of blind Impossibilities;
Swell'd with Conceit, they boast of all they do,
First praise themselves, then think that Praise their Due:
So fond of flatt'ring Words, so vain in Pride,
The World *Mocks* them, and they the World *Deride*:
Value themselves upon their Nations Merit,
In Spight of all the Vices they inherit;

So wedded to the Country where they dwell,
They think that's Heav'n, and all the World's a Hell.
Their frozen *Vistula* they'd not forgo,
For fruitful *Danube*, or the flow'ry *Po*.
Rapid *Boristhenes* delights them more
Than pearly Streams, or a *Peruvian* Shore:
And *Russian Dwina* dwells upon their Song,
Hurried by barb'rous Steeps and Hills, and push't along.
The Land too happy would the People bless,
Could they agree to know their Happiness;
Nature with very liberal Hand supplies
Her Situation-Insufficiencies:
The temperate Influence revolves of Course,
And Spight of Climate Nature works by Force.
The bounteous Spring the Winters Wast repairs,
And makes the World grow young in Spight of Years.
The fruitful Earth uncommon Freedom shows,
And foreign Wealth by foreign Commerce flows.
But Peopl'd with a hard'ned Thankless Race,
Whose Crimes add Horror to the milder Place,
The Bounties by indulgent Heav'n bestow'd,
Corrode the Mischief and debauch the Blood.
That Native Fierceness which in Christian Lands
Makes Heroes, and their Poets Praise commands,
Here 'tis a Vice, which rankles up to *Feud*,
And nourishes the Guest of vile Ingratitude.
Pride, Plenty's Hand-maid, deeply taints their Blood,
And Seeds of Faction mix the Crimson Flood.
Eternal Discords brood upon the Soil,
And universal Strifes the State embroil.
In every Family the Temper reigns,
In every Action Seed of Gall remains.
The very Laws of Peace create Dispute,
And makes them quarrel who shall execute.
Their valu'd Constitutions are so lame,
That Governing the Governments inflame.
Wild Aristocracy torments the State,
And People their own Miseries create.
In vain has Heav'n its choicer Gifts bestow'd,
And strives in vain to do *a Wilful* Nation Good:
Such is the Peoples Folly, such their Fate,
As all Decrees of Peace anticipate.
Immortal Jarrs in ev'ry Class appear,
Conceiv'd in Strife, and Nurs'd to Civil War.
Such, *Poland*, is thy People, such thy Name,
Yet still thy Sons our Panegyricks claim,

Because

Becauſe their partial Genius is inclin'd
To think they merit more than all Mankind.
  Imaginary Happineſs will do
For near as many Uſes as the true:
And if the *Poles* in their own Plagues delight,
Wiſe Heaven's too juſt to let them thrive in Spight.
  Great *Sobieski* had their Crown obtain'd,
With ſteady Glory thirteen Years he Reign'd,
And none *but who ſome Miſchief meant*, complain'd.
His Conqu'ring Sword made all Men think it fit,
That he who ſav'd the Land ſhould Govern it.
The Field of Battle he had firſt poſſeſt,
By Sixty Thouſand ſlaughter'd *Turks* confeſt.
The fatten'd Frontiers felt the reeking Flood,
And dy'd the Soil with *Aſiatick* Blood.
The weeping *Neiſter* half the Hoſt receives,
Hurries them down to darker *Euxine* Graves:
And *Mahomet*'s inſulting Banners lay
Beneath the Croſs, his Valour's eaſie Prey.
  With mild and gentle, but with ſteady Hand,
He rather led than rul'd th' uneaſie Land.
Fill'd with Important Cares, he ſaw their Fate,
And all the growing Miſchiefs their own Feuds create;
Which made him leſs repine, and leſs deplore
To quit the Crown with ſuch Concern he wore.
  Tell us, ye Sons of Policy and Fraud,
Whoſe vaſt Intrigues your ſelves alone applaud;
Who always plot too deep, and ſoar too high,
And Damn the Nations Peace you know not why.
What ail'd the *Poles*, with Peace and Plenty bleſt,
To change for Years of Blood their Days of Reſt?
Decribe the Men of Avarice and Pride,
With all Ambitions dark Diſguiſe array'd;
How, for the Nation's Liberty, they Cant
'Till thoſe *they ſay abuſe it* they ſupplant,
And then the mock pretended Sham lay by,
Pleas'd with the Profits of Authority.
  Stateſmen are Gameſters, Sharp and Trick's the Play,
Kings are but Cullies, wheedl'd in to Pay;
The Courtiers Foot-balls, kick'd from one to one,
Are always Cheated, oftentimes Undone;
Beſieg'd with Flatt'ry, falſe Report, and Lies,
  And ſooth'd with Schemes of vaſt Abſurdities.
The jangling Stateſmen claſh in their Deſigns,
Fraud fights with Fraud, and Craft to Craft inclines;

Stifly

Stifly engage, quarrel, accuſe and hate,
And ſtrive *for Leave* to help undo the State;
For all the ſtrong Contention ends in this,
Who ſhall *the Pow'r of doing Ill* poſſeſs:
Envy and Strife are only rais'd ſo high,
Becauſe a Man's a greater Knave than I:
But if I can his Place and Wealth ſucceed,
He rails of Courſe, and I'm the Knave indeed.
Places and Penſions are the *Poliſh* Spoil
Will all ſides pleaſe, and all ſides reconcile.
'Tis natural to all the Sons of Men,
To *Rail* and *Plot* when out, be *Quiet* in.
Long had Divided *Poland* felt the Smart
Of vaſt Intrigues and Politicians Art:
As many Men of Character and Blood;
So many Thieves about the Scepter ſtood;
As many Gifts th' Exhauſted Prince could give,
So many Friends he only ſeem'd to have:
The craving Wretches hang about the Throne,
He gave them all the Nations Wealth, and all his own.
Not all the Conquer'd Lands the *Turk* reſign'd,
Not all the World, had he the World obtain'd
Wou'd their inſatiate Avarice ſuffice,
Supply their Hands or ſaitsfie their Eyes;
Who ſhall unhappy ſinking *Poland* ſave
What Gifts can cloſe the Hands that always crave,
Unſatisfi'd as Death, and Greedy as the Grave?
At every juſt Refuſal Diſcontent,
And rave *for Want of Bribes* at Government.
The Valiant *Sobieski* had beſtow'd
Moldavian Lands he conquer'd by his Sword.
He thought it juſt *that Province* to beſtow,
On thoſe whoſe Valour helpt to make it ſo;
But all the wiſer, Men who had no Share,
Againſt the Juſtice of the Gift declare,
Oblige the yielding Hero to recant,
And re-beſtow the haſty envy'd Grant.
But tell us, now, ye Men of *Poliſh* Wit,
How the *Moldavian* feels the formal Cheat;
Let *A---leski* reimburſe the Bribes,
Raviſht to wrong, inſtate the *Poliſh* Tribes.
Let all the ſham Conveyances appear,
The Phantoſme Sales, and Fancy'd Purchaſer.
Let ſome true Satyr all that Grievance laſh
Lands without Title, Buyers without Caſh.

Under

Under the weighty Fraud *Moldavia* bleeds,
And private Cheat the publick Cheat ſucceeds;
Retrieving Laws by vaſt Deſigns puſh'd on,
Cover Great Sobieski's *Errors by their own.*
With all theſe Frauds and Feuds and Millions more,
Which rack'd the injur'd *Poles*, and kept them poor,
Wiſe *Sobieski*, with ſtrong Cares oppreſt,
Diſmiſt the Throne, and choſe to be at reſt;
Embroil'd he left them, whom embroil'd he found,
And Great *Auguſtus*, with his Pow'r's Enthron'd.
In vain the new Crown'd Monarch ſtrives to pleaſe,
Or Cure th' Hereditary vile Diſeaſe.
In vain Confed'rates with the Nations Friends,
In vain their Laws and Freedom he defends.
The Parties joyn, in Grand Cabals they meet
The Monarch's healing Projects to defeat;
Graſp at his Gifts, and ſhare the high Reward,
But not his Honour or Commands regard.
Not Sacred Oaths can their Allegiance bind
Farther than by their Int'reſt they're inclin'd;
Prompted by Avarice and deep Revenge,
With Fawning Face, and awaked Zeal they Cringe
But all *that can no Royal Bounty ſhare*,
Their factious Thoughts and ſtrong Diſguſts declare,
No Bounds their feign'd Alleg'ance can ſecure,
To Day they'll ſwear, *to Morrow they'll abjure.*
The Monarch willing to diſſolve the Feud,
That ſpread too faſt in their infected Blood,
Summons the General Dyet to appear,
The Nations and his own Demands to hear.
Satyr look back, Survey the Glorious Roll,
The Life of *Poliſh* Power, the Nations Soul,
Poland's Collection, all the Peoples Breath,
The Monarch's Safety and the Tyrant's Death.
The ancient Lords of the JAGELLAN Line,
Here in their repreſenting Glory ſhine,
With Loyal Hearts, and ſtrong Induſtrious Hands,
Ready to hear *Auguſtus* great Commands.
The ancient *Poliſh* Greatneſs to reſtore,
Aſſiſt with Council, and ſupport with Power;
What tho' among the Illuſtrious Troops there's found,
Some leſs Polite than ſome, and ſome unſound.
The Devil among *the ſacred Twelve* appear'd,
But Devils *once known* are no more to be fear'd;
The General Votes to Loyalty encline,
And Miſchief ſinks beneath her own Deſign.

Satyr,

Satyr, if there's a *Pole* among the Tribes,
Leſs true than Truth it ſelf, *'tis him* thy Verſe deſcribes.
Here great *Taguski* firſt in Order came
Of bright, unſpotted, tho' ſuſpected Fame.
Youth had ſupply'd his Head with parent Wit,
In Judgment ſolid, and in Senſe compleat;
The Muſes him with early Garlands Crown'd,
Sublime in Verſe, and in his Phraſe profound;
Polite in Language, in his Satyr ſtrong,
Yet kills with all the Softneſs of a Song:
To ſteady Juſtice all his Thoughts encline,
Faithful in Council, able in Deſign;
Rais'd by due Merit to the higheſt Truſt,
The *Captious Senate* own'd that Merit juſt.
What cannot high Exalted Vertue do?
He ſhows this ſtrange unuſual Wonder true,
The Monarch's Fav'rite, and the Peoples too;
His Enemies to his juſt Praiſe ſubmit,
Fly from his Satyr, and adore his Wit;
In vain they form Impolitick Deſigns,
Envy lies bury'd in her deepeſt Mines.
For both Sides own this Character's his Due
Always to *Poland*, and *Auguſtus* true.
There *Ruski* with his early Trophies ſtood
Won from the *Swedes* upon the *Baltick* Flood.
When *Conti ſtrove to ſnatch the* Poliſh Crown,
And all *the Gen'rous* Poles *his Conduct own.*
Rigatski next, our juſt Applauſe Commands,
The *Poliſh* Peace on his wiſe Conduct ſtands;
High Chancellor in *Sobieski*'s Reign;
And all true Poles *would have him ſo again.*
In Law upright, and prudent in the State,
In Council deep, in Execution great;
But by the Faction of the *Swedes* oppreſt,
And to make way for Fools and Knaves diſmiſt.
Amongſt the *Poliſh* Prelates there appear'd
Cujavia, lov'd for Piety, for Prudence fear'd;
Careleſs of Faction, or of Party-hate,
He firmly fixt to *Sobieski*'s Fate;
Follow'd his Fortune, and his Favour ſhar'd,
And had the Miter for his juſt Reward.
What tho' the *Metropolitan* declin'd,
And more for *Conti*'s Monarchy deſign'd;
Cujavia, all the Primates Place ſupply'd;
And *Poland*, her intended Prince enjoy'd;

Culm, and *Posnani*, Ecclesiastick Peers,
And *Parcherouski*, old in Zeal as Years;
With thirteen Sacred *Polish* Miters who
Are *Polish* Lords, and *Polish* Prelates too
Were all to *Poland* and *Augustus true.*
These wore the *Polish* Lawrels to the last,
And fixt the *Polish* Liberties so fast,
That Fate it self cou'd not the Band destroy,
But what they once possest they still enjoy.
These were the *Columns* which so long sustain'd
The *Load of State* when *Sobieski* Reign'd;
Who all the Lines of Government restor'd,
And held the Scepter while *he drew the Sword.*
When he encampt on the *Moldavian* Plains,
And freed the *Poles* from *Mahomet's Servile Chains*,
The *Turkish* Banners to his Sword submit
Abroad his Valour, and at home their Wit;
They fought with *Equal* Enemies at home,
And *Equal* Trophies to their Conduct come;
They Conquer'd Difficulties of the State
Make all Men own their Conduct to be Great;
And they that seek to blame their Management,
And charge on them what they could not prevent,
Should tell us in what Age it shall be known
No Faults attend the State, no Knaves the Crown.
Ungrateful *Poland*, never will be blest
Till *Sobieski's* Managements confest;
Till some of his forgotten Rules restor'd
Such Statesmen weild the Scepter, *such the Sword*;
Till some such Heads in *Polish* Council sit,
And some such Hero shall for *Poland* fight.
Finski, and Upright *Lithuanian* Peer,
Sets up for sinking *Poland's* Prime Visier;
For Application and Impertinence
No Man has half so much with half his Sense;
With formal Step, and *high Majestick Grain*,
Is *Polander* without, and *Swede* within.
Envy and awkward Spleen sit on his Face,
In Speech precise, but always thinks apace;
In *Earnest Nonsense* does his Hours divide,
Always to *little* Purpose, *much* employ'd.
Strong in Opinion, in his Judgment Weak,
And thinks himself exceeding Politick.
The Musick of his Tongue is his Disease,
Conceives absurdly what he speaks with Ease.
The Discord of his Faculties is plain,
He talks with Pleasure, what he thinks with Pain

And

And there 'tis own'd he shows some Policy
To make his fluent Tongue his Brain supply.
So Men are pleas'd with Shadows, so from hence
The World mistakes his jingling Tongue for Sense.
A busie trifling Statesmen, *Proud and Dull*,
A thinking, plodding, *wise*, substantial *Fool*;
In all vast *Poland*'s far extended Round,
No Man was known so *emptily profound*.
Polite in Words, a stiff and formal Tongue,
And speaks to little Purpose, very long.
To him *Augustus* gave the *Polish* Seal,
And made him *Grieffier* to the Common-weal.
They that cou'd not his License first obtain,
Might not go out of *Poland* or come in;
The Publick Safety was the just Pretence
To keep the *Swedes* from true Intelligence;
But the more Genuine Reason *was the Pence*.
For in his time the *Swedes* themselves obtain'd
His Blanks to pass their Spies to *Polish* Land.
The slow unsteady Mannager appears
Too *hot* for Peace, too *cold* for *Polish* Wars;
While charm'd with Foreign *Margueritta*'s Song,
His sleeping Orders he delays too long.
Whole Fleets attend the *Minstrels* softer Notes
By her the Statesman *steers*, the Members *votes*.
Well might the *Syren* be compar'd to him
That *doz'd old Nature* with his Touch Sublime.
The lofty Cedars danc'd *his softer Airs*,
And *lofty Stupid Statesmen* bow to hers.
Of all the *Polish* grave Nobility,
None acts *so low* that e'er was born so high;
So fond of Liberty, he ne'er endur'd
The Name of Slave, no, not to his own Word.
Augustus saw, and soon mislik'd the Man,
And found him to the *Swedish* Cause incline;
With eazy Skill he read his well known Fate,
A useless, unregarded Tool of State.
What tho' the *Polish* Dyet was possest,
And blindly in his Favour *once Addrest*;
The publick Banter all the Kingdom knew,
It mov'd their *Mirth* and *Indignation* too:
The general fixt Dislike *Augustus* saw,
Laid by the haughty Thing, and left him to the Law.
The *Quacking, Mountebanking Tool of State*,
That neither could be *little*, or be *great*,
Retir'd to give us time to let him know,
No Knaves above b'ing told that *He is so*.

Law

Lawrensky next, of *Prussia*'s Royal Breed,
To *Ladislaus* by Marriages ally'd;
Tho' Int'rested in *Sobiesky*'s Line,
Yet to the *Swedes* he always did incline:
He kept the *Polish* Cash in Days of yore,
When Kings grew Rich, and made the People Poor,
And fain would now our *Polish* Treasurers teach
To make their Monarchs Poor, the People Rich.
If Stories known of Old, should be reviv'd,
Of Leaves torn out, and horrid Facts conniv'd;
Of Crimes too Black for Satyr to reveal,
Which Kings ha' Dy'd, on purpose to Conceal:
Were but the black Record again Review'd,
When the false Peer his Master's Fate pursued,
His Picture would too low for Satyr lye,
And sink the Wretch beneath Authority;
Whether the *French*, the *Sax*, or *Polish* race,
He ever Fawn'd, and lookt with *Janus* Face.
When *Sobieski* did the Throne obtain,
He Grudg'd the Crown, tho' his own *Race* should Reign:
But when in *Vice-Roys* Dignity went Halves,
He stoopt at Rule *Moldavian Western* Slaves.
Now he Repines the Management supreme,
Is not, as he contriv'd, resign'd to him:
For this his *Vice-Roy*'s Office he laid down,
Again to Govern, and Amase the Crown;
But wiser Councils laid him gently by,
And left him to bewail his lost Authority.
Now he Cabals, the Parties to *Unite*,
And strives to bring us all to *Peace* in *Spite*;
Courts ev'ry Side to his absur'd Design,
And thinks to make the *Swedes* and *Cossacks* joyn;
My Soul, his slye, pretended Peace abhor,
The Brooding *Union*'s Big with *Civil War*;
Rouze ev'ry Loyal *Pole* to Self-Defence,
Give them for *Arms*, their *Eyes*, for *Swords*, their *Sense*,
For all Men see the empty sham Pretence.
Old Seymsky was of this intreguing Band,
A *Polack* born, on *Neiper*'s Golden Strand;
Antient in Crimes bred up to Fraud and Feud,
His Int'rest at his Master's Cost pursu'd;
A mighty Stock of ill-got Wealth injoy'd,
When *Polish* Troops our *Polish* Lands destroy'd;
When his dear Country's Liberties lay low,
He Fish't in all the Troubles made them so:
When *Poland*'s Kings the *Polish* Peers oppreſt,
And Property was made the Monarch's *Jest*,

In

In thoſe dear days he kept the *Royal Caſh*,
And form'd thoſe Cheats he ſince *pretends* to Laſh.
Now he ſets up to ſave the Nations Pelf,
And wou'd have no man Cheat us but himſelf;
Detects ill Practices with *eager Vote*,
And rails at Bribes with *mercenary Throat*:
That he ſhould be Ungrateful and Unjuſt,
Diſpiſe the Grace, as he betray'd the Truſt;
Be Proud, be Peeviſh, Inſolent, and Baſe,
Nature has painted that upon his Face;
Envy ſits rampant on his tott'ring Head,
And *R---e*'s wrote there ſo plain that every man may read.
And now the conſcious Criminal appears,
Affects to *Cant* of *Poland*'s ſuff'ring Years,
Reproaches little Villains with their Crimes,
And rakes among the Evils of the Times.
That he ſhould *Poland*'s Liberties maintain,
Who can the wond'rous *Riddle now Explain*?
Or, who *Believe* the *Fact*, that *Knows the Man*?
Some think, *indeed*, it ſhou'd be Underſtood,
A *Penitence* for *Violence* and *Blood*,
To Expiate his ſhare in *former Reigns*,
The *Stink*, if not the *Guilt* of which remains.
If that be *True*, that he ſhould make pretence,
To *Cenſure* others for a paſt Offence,
Savours of moſt *prodigious Impudence*;
While he that ought to Bluſh at former *Times*,
Boldly *Condemns* contemporary Crimes.
Immortal Braſs ſits on his teſty Brows,
Hard'ned with Bribes, with Frauds, and broken Vows;
Infernal Feuds flame in his guilty Eyes;
He ſtarts at Peace with Anger and Surprize:
Weak'ned in Wickedneſs, in Willhes ſtrong,
A bribe-receiving Hand, and clamouring Tongue;
Falſe to Himſelf, his Monarch, and his Friends,
But to the loweſt Step of Pride deſcends;
Abject, and Mean, when Fortune's Storms appear,
Proud and Intollerable when 'tis Fair;
Noiſy in Speech, in Manner Inſolent,
And awkwardly ſubmits to Government.
Often the *Poliſh* Monarchs have eſſay'd,
So much they of his Miſchiefs were afraid,
To win the Bully off with gentle Words,
And place him in the Claſs of *Poliſh* Lords;
But he that lov'd the Villanies of Life,
And chew'd the Air he breath'd to ſounds of Strife,

That

That liv'd upon thoſe Particles of Fire
Which nouriſh Feud, and prompt the vile Deſire,
Choſe all the glittering Offers to diſpiſe,
Too *vain* to be made Great, too *proud* to Riſe;
Auguſtus try'd him with uncommon Grace,
Gave him his Houſhold *Staff*, and Houſhold *Place*;
His Robe of Peer attempted to put on,
But he put by that *Feather* to his Son;
Accepts the high Command without the *Name*,
Becauſe he covets *Miſchief* more than *Fame*.
The party-Zealot never could reſign
His dear Speech-making old, contentious Sin,
Reſolv'd the Head of *Faction* to ſupply,
And as he *Liv'd* unbleſt, uneaſy *Dye*.
Auguſtus ſaw the ſullen Wretch go on,
Neither by Art or Bounty to be won,
His Malice he deſpis'd, his Pride contemn'd,
And to his juſter Fate the Wretch condemn'd;
Left him his empty Follies to purſue,
And his unvalued Favours with his *Staff* withdrew.
Th' unſteady Stateſman's *Temper yet untry'd*,
Left him at once, in ſpight of all his Pride;
Not all his ſwelling Spleen would give Relief,
But ſunk his Spirit underneath his Grief:
The cowardly, ſelf-condemn'd, abandon'd Wretch,
Saw his ambitious Ends beyond his reach;
With ſtrong Reluctance all his Honours quits,
And with his Places now reſigns his Wits.
So Pride unbounded, with no Power ſuffic'd,
Wants Courage but to ſee it ſelf Deſpis'd.
When Men are rais'd by Fate above their Senſe.
Nature muſt ſink them in *her own defence*,
Human Society would elſe Decay,
And *Mad-men* quite demoliſh Liberty:
For when the bloated Monſter's once pull'd down,
The *Soul deſerts*, the Bubble's broke and gone;
Abjectly Wretched, and with Shame ſurpris'd,
He *meanly begs* what he before *deſpis'd*;
The high Extreme inverts in his Diſtreſs,
Dejected to a deſpicable, vile Exceſs.
So *Bullies* are but *Cowards* in diſguiſe,
Who few Men Value, all Men ſhould Deſpiſe.
Robosky next fills up the ſpacious Rolls,
The mighty *Captain Baſſa of the* Poles;
In foreign Expeditions he's employ'd,
And many *Poliſh* Millions has deſtroy'd;

Abortive

Abortive Projects flow in his loose Brain,
He loves to make a *tedious Voyage in vain.*
Abandon'd *Poland*, how art thou betray'd!
Sold for that very Money thou hast paid!
The greedy Monsters that receive thy Pay,
Trifle thy Blood, and Time, and Strength away.
Rokosky Covetous, and Insolent,
On *Poland*'s weightiest Errands has been sent;
Small Prophecy might those Events foretel,
Where he Commanded that cou'd Fight so well.
His Voyages never have been made in vain,
He took such care of *coming Home again*:
No Man could ever give him a *Defeat*,
And none can *match him* at a *safe Retreat.*
The carefull'st Officer the *Poles* could choose,
For when they *bid him fly*, he'll ne'er *refuse*:
A *Neg'tive Soldier*, always in the Right,
Was never Beaten, and would *seldom Fight*:
Poland will ne'er her ancient Glory sho'
While Knaves and Cowards fight her Battles so.
Rokoski now supports the *Polish* Crown,
And Fights the Quarrels of his Master's Throne,
But Fights by Proxi when he Fights his Own.
Poland, how past Retrieve must be thy Fate,
When Cowards guide thy Arms, and Knaves thy State!
Can they the braver *Swedish* Squadrons meet,
That stoop to Bully those they dare not Fight?
Courage and Crime can never dwell so near,
For where there's *Guilt*, there always will be *Fear.*

PART II.

IN *Polish* Dyet now they all appear,
In *Polish* Dyet all Men free from Fear,
May all their most malicious Thoughts declare.
Augustus calls them to the place Supreme,
There first they Swear to *Poland*, then to Him,
That they will *both* Support, and *both Defend*,
And *All* Profess what very *Few* intend.
There from the *Throne*, He tells them of the *State*,
What things occur, and prompts their *calm Debate*;
Tells them his steady Thoughts due Peace to give,
And ancient *Polish* Honour to Retrieve;
How he by *Law* came there, by *Law* would Reign,
And all their *Polish* Liberties maintain:
But lets them know, he finds to his surprize,
Some *Poles* are *ev'n for this* his Enemies.
Informs them of a deep *Livonian* Plot,
And prompts them all to search it farther out.

Tells

Tells them the real Danger of the State,
And *asks* them to prevent their Monarch's Fate,
But presses them to *Peace* and *Calm Debate*.
Its all *in vain*, for *Faction* had possest
Some Members, all the *Dyet* to molest;
In *vain* the sullen Deputies Debate,
In *vain* they weakly prop the sinking State,
In *vain* to Oaths and Loyalty pretend,
They *Sell* that Prince whom faintly they *Defend*.
Satyr, with gentle Strokes the *Mischiefs touch*,
How *little* some Men said, how some *too much*:
How *some* in hopes to pull the *Cossacks* down,
Slight the *Livonian* Plot, expose the Crown,
Cavil, Contrive, *make Speeches*, and Debate,
And Jest too much with *Poland*'s dang'rous State.
Prepost'rous *Laws*, absurd in their Design,
And, *made on purpose to be broke*, bring in;
Divide, in order to *Consolidate*,
And *Tack* Destruction to the wounded State.
Secure the *Polish* Freemen in a Goal,
For fear the *Nation's Liberties should fail*.
The *Polish* dear-bought Priviledge destroy,
That *Dyets* Tyranny they might enjoy.
Support the *Polish* Dignity and Crown,
By pulling all her *just Defences* down,
And save the tott'ring Kingdom from her Fate,
By *Decently* Embroiling *Church* and *State*.
Makreski first, the *Dyet*'s Pamphleteer,
Stood up; ---all *Poland* waited on his Chair,
For all Men look'd some wondrous thing to hear.
So once the *Teeming Hill in Travail Groan'd*,
Th' expecting World, the mighty Wonder own'd;
Young Mountains, *Twins at least*, they lookt should come,
When *one poor Mouse* clos'd the vast lab'ring Womb.
The empty Orator in Florid Speech,
Told them that he was just *as Wise as Rich*;
To's Printed Books for his Design Referr'd,
Tho' that he e'er *Design*'d, no Mortal ever heard:
He talkt indeed sometimes of *Church* and *State*,
Of *Piety*, and of the Lord knows what;
But no Man yet his vast Intentions found,
Deep as his *Mines*, and like his *Brains unsound*.
'Twas full a *Polish* Hour the *Member* spoke,
But *all* the Dyet *all* he said mistook:
Some said he talk'd *of this*, and some *of that*;
Just so he jumbl'd *Providence* and *Fate*:

In both, the ſame Intention he purſu'd,
Neither to *underſtand*, or to be *underſtood*.
Thus he Harangu'd them *thirteen* times and more,
And ſtill he left them *where they were before*.
He talk'd of *Crowns*, of *Property* and *Law*,
And means to make them *keep themſelves in awe*;
Of *perſecuting Peace*, and *quiet Jars*,
Nations in *Nubibus* beyond the Stars.
Of *moderate Feuds*, and calm *diſtemper'd States*,
And mov'd to *Bleed* us, to avoid *Debates*.
Propos'd by *Poverty* our *Wants* to cure,
Starving our *Tradeſmen* to employ the *Poor*:
Would ſpoil the Nation's *Trade* to make them *Rich*
And backt his mighty Project with a Speech,
In weighty Conference propt a tott'ring Cauſe
To ſet out Priviledge above our Laws:
But as ſome Learned *Speeches* us'd to fail,
Becauſe they'd too much *Head*, and had no *Tayl*;
So this was hiſt about becauſe they ſaid,
'Twas all made up of *Tayl*, and had no *Head*.
Makreski thus his *Learned Breath* beſtow'd,
And as it did no *harm* it did no *Good*;
And yet his *Speech* had this unlookt-for Charm,
That as it did no *good*, it did no *harm*.
Packi a *Poliſh* Deputy ſtood next,
And all the *Poliſh* Senators perplext,
His *Zeal* was for the Church ſo *fiery red*,
His *Breath* at diſtance ſtruck the *Coſſacks* dead;
Plosko' the *Poliſh* Biſhop he o'erthrew,
And made *Auguſtus* forc't Reſentment ſhew:
The Rev'rend *Almoner* at once diſplace,
And aged *Vertue* bow'd to rampant *Vice*.
Hark how the Party-Hero Silence broke,
And mad with *Zeal*, and mad with *Envy* ſpoke.
" *Ye* Poles (*ſays he*) *Regard the tott'ring State*,
" *And think with me, of our Fore-Fathers Fate*;
" *The Rebel* Coſſacks *all their Force o'erthrew*,
" I'd rather ſee the *Swedes* do ſo for you.
" *But let us all the* Coſſacks *firſt Expel*,
" *And* Tack *their Ruine to the* Tribute-Bill:
" *The* Poles *may then in* Peace *and* Union *thrive*,
" *And* Eccleſiaſtick *Tyranny revive*.
" Auguſtus *may our* Quiet *recommend*,
" *But while* theſe *live*, *what* Peace *can He pretend?*

" *And*

" *And if* Auguſtus *favours their Defence,*
" *To His Dethroning, 'tis a juſt pretence,*
" *I hate a* Coſſack, *tho' He were my* Prince.

He ſpoke, and Fury choak'd his riſing Spleen,
And Paſſion kept more dang'rous Language in.
For now he mourns his juſt Deſigns are croſt,
Complains that *Speech* the Place he talk'd for, loſt ;
Declares he meant no Miſchief to the Crown,
Aim'd at no gen'ral Int'reſt but his *Own*,
For that he ſpoke, and thought he ſhould, no doubt,
Talk Himſelf *in*, *and Talk the* Coſſacks *out* :
But all his Province their Reſentment ſhow,
All his *Conſolidating Nonſenſe* know,
Their future *Truſts* to *Packsby* they refuſe,
So periſh all that *Poland*'s *Truſts* abuſe.

When froward *Toweroſky* too his place,
Zeal on his *Tongue*, and *Fury* in his *Face*.
" *Ye rev'rend* Poles *(ſays he) let Heav'n forbid*
" *That Words ſhould* Poland's *Liberties decide* ;
" *Our Wars remote, but theſe are* Foes *indeed* ;
" *I'd rather beat the* Coſſacks *than the* Swede.
" Auguſtus *talks to us, I hope, in vain,*
" *Of* Peace, *while Factious* Coſſacks *ſhall remain,*
" *The Spawn of Rebels of* Tartarian *Race,*
" *Who ask no Favour, and deſerve no Grace* ;
" *If firſt* Auguſtus *will deſtroy the Breed,*
" *Then* Peace at Home *may probably ſucceed* ;
" *But while this Vip'rous Brood the* Poles *betray,*
" *I'd not* Auguſtus, *tho' Himſelf were here, obey.*

He ſaid, and more than half the *Dyet* bow'd,
And with conſenting Silence 'twas allow'd,
A Law ſhould paſs the *Coſſacks* to ſuppreſs,
The only way to *Poland*'s Happineſs.
Mean while th' Aſſembly ſeparately repair'd,
To Church, and there the famous *Burſky* heard,
Now *Stanſky*, then *Marosky*, and a third,
That always dealt in *Tropes* and *Similies* abſur'd ;
Theſe furious Prieſts the fatal Stroke excite,
Tells them of Kings that ſpar'd th' *Amalekite* ;
One Grave Divine, in Pulpit-Rhetorick known,
Talk'd of the *Dyet*'s Wit to ſhow his own,
Banter'd a *Text* or two, and talk'd ſome *Greek*,
And ſo went home to *Drink* out all the *Week*.
Dooms the poor *Coſſacks* from the Sacred *Text*,
And rav'd in Zeal till he the Cauſe perplext.

Prieſts, like the Female Sex, when they engage
There's always ſomething Bloody in their Rage.

He

He told the *Dyet* they must *Fight* and *Pray*,
And pull the *Cossacks* down the *Shortest Way* ;
And in his Zeal, so far his *Text* forgot,
He Perjur'd his *Augustus* on the Spot ;
Unchurch'd the Nation, Curst the *Polish Tribes*,
And for their Cure, the *Cossacks* Blood prescribes.
Satyr, thy just Regret with Force restrain,
With *Temper Write*, altho' thou *Think'st* with *Pain*.
When once the Pulpit-plague Infects the Land,
And *Sermon-Readers* get the upper-hand,
The Nations Ruin'd, all the Towns undone,
And Tongue-pad Evils thro' the Vitals run ;
Reason subits its Captivated Head,
And *Raging Nonsense* Governs in its stead.
In vain our banish'd Liberties we seek,
Wise Men are bound to hear, when *Coxcombs* speak ;
Reason pays homage to Impertinence,
And *Noise* obtains the Victory from *Sense* ;
The *Clamouring* Priest, Dogmatick Proud and *Dull*,
Assumes Dictating Right, and *calls his Master Fool*.
But if the Pulpit now began to Fire,
The Press, the Pulpits Eccho, pusht it higher.
Bold *Sacharesky*, in a Polish Rage,
Would all the *Poles* in Civil Blood Ingage ;
Prints his exasperated Fiery Zeal.
And *Damns the Crown, for fear o' th' Common Weal.*
As two Extreams, one Mischief may prevent,
This Fury made the *Polish* Lords relent,
And Senators, their first Resolves, Repent.
The Dyet Reasum'd, *Cavensky* broke
The healing Party's silence first, and spoke :
The hasty Priest (says he) I understood,
The Gown, *too often* dips *the Sleeves* in Blood :
Th' unheard of Insolence, amaz'd my Soul,
And Horrour seizes every Christian Pole ;
I am a Northern Deputy 'tis known,
Where numerous *Cossacks* dwell in every Town ;
The Peaceful, and industrious People show,
No reason, why they should be treated so ;
What is't to us, what their Fore-Fathers were,
The *Polish* Crowns too fast for us to fear ;
Besides, Rebellions differ but in Name,
In future Ages ours may be the same ;
If e're the old *Jagellan* Race should Reign,
And damn our Revolutions,
'Tis in vain :

To

To talk of Titles where the Swords Devour,
They'r always Rebels who have loſt their Power.
The *Coſſacks* now Encorporate, and Ty'd
By Laws, by Intereſt, and by Blood Allied,
Are Native *Poles*, in *Poland*'s Intereſt Bound :
To tack them now, would *Poland*'s Peace Confound ;
They'r rich and brave, and always have withſtood,
Th' Invading *Tartars*, with their Wealth and Blood ;
And have undoubted Title to Pretend,
T' Enjoy that Land, they helpt us to Defend :
Beſides, by Laws, their Liberties remain,
Thoſe Laws, *Auguſtus* promis'd to Maintain,
This Prieſt would make thoſe Promiſes in Vain :
I think their Liberties their Due, t' Enjoy,
That they may help us now, the *Swedes* Deſtroy ;
With him, the Old Nobility Concur'd,
And Damn'd the Bill as Cruel and Abſur'd.
The Zealous Deputies reſiſt in Vain,
And Envy Pompts them to their ſtrong Diſdain ;
With mighty Struggle, and avow'd Regret,
They only ſeem t' Adjourn the warm Debate ;
Reſolv'd in future Dyets to Perſue,
The Coſſacks *Ruin, and the Nations too.*
Auguſtus, how unhappy is thy Fate ?
How hardly doſt thou hold the Tottering State ?
In vain, of Peace, thou do'ſt the *Poles* Perſuade,
Deep as Infernal Darkneſs, their deſigns are Laid.
Let them no more, thy Soveraign Peace Abuſe,
Subjects can ne'er the Princes Grace Refuſe ;
But 'tis a certain Signal to the Throne,
They aim at no leſs Purchaſe than his Crown,
But ſtill *Auguſtus*, his juſt Wrath forbears,
And Honours Load the vileſt Wretch he fears ;
Fain he would all their Due Allegiance Buy,
Does all his Soft Engaging Favours Try ;
To all the Charms of Kindneſs he's Enclin'd,
With Grace, would win a *Turks* more conſtant Mind.
Diſpos'd to Pardon, all their Follies paſt,
And win them to their Countries Good at laſt,
Heaps Undeſerv'd, his Favours on their Heads,
With gentle Hand, to their own Duty leads,

Shows

Shows them the way to ſave the bleeding State,
And Truſts them with his Own, and *Poland*'s Fate.
'Till Treaſon, Blackn'd with Ingratitude,
Had all their Senſe and Modeſty Subdu'd;
Ripen'd by Royal Mercy for Reproof,
The Patient Prince had been Provok'd enough.
In vain he's of *Livonian* Plots afraid,
And *Swedes* preparing *Poland* to Invade;
Inteſtine Feud, the *Poliſh* Rakes Perſue
Their King, inſtead of *Coſſacks* to undo;
Neglect the publick danger to the laſt,
And make the Nations real Fear, their Jeſt;
Willing to leave us Open to ſurprize,
Poland can have no greater Enemies.
Tocokſi firſt, a forward Southern *Pole*,
A Poliſh'd *Carcaſs*, and a *Burniſh'd Soul*;
We cannot ſay, he did the ſilence Break,
For he did always *little elſe but ſpeak*:
How vain a thing's the Empty Sound of Words,
Abſtracted from the meaning it affords.
Long Speeches from his *beated ſpleen* proceed,
And Nature makes him talk, to eaſe his Head;
The *Hypocondriack* Vapours, upward Fly,
And forms ſome Words of State and Policy;
Bear with the States-man, 'twas his *flux of Gall*,
For all Men know, he never meant at all.
He Dooms the *Coſſacks* to *Tartarian* Shades,
Their Civil and Religious Rights Invades,
Demand no Reaſon Satyr, that's ſupply'd
With Paſſion, Parties, Prejudice and Pride;
But if his Wiſer Arguments you'd know,
He heard 'twas Juſt, *Old Seymsky* told him ſo;
That Learned Oracle ſupports the Cauſe,
And Noiſy Zeal ſupplies the wont of Laws.
The Hot Young Beau, affects the *Marſhals Chair*,
And hopes in time to rule *the Dyet* there;
Now he's the Party Leader of the Day,
Reſolv'd to teach the *Coſſacks* how to Pray,
Or from the *Poliſh Church* to Drive 'em all away.
A Troop of *Tackers* at his Elbow ſtand,
Ready to move at his Uſurpt Command,
Who all the Image of their Captain bear,
And in their Name may Read their Character:
The Word *in Poliſh*, ſignifies *a Fool*,
A Man without a Meaning, call'd a Tool,
A Weighty Block-head with an Empty Scull.

Nor

Nor let enquiring Heads decline the Name,
Tackers and *Tokites* always are the ſame;
The Emblematick Title's eas'ly known,
Their *Coat of Arms*, ſtands up in *Warſaw* Town;
Rampant *the Aſs*, Enrob'd *in Lyons Skin*,
To make the *Bully keep* the *Block-head* in;
Quarter'd at large it lies, P*arte*-Per-P*ale*,
The *Aſſes Ears* againſt the *Lyons Tayl*:
The Family from *Tartary* Deſcends,
And all the *Furioſo*'s are *their Friend*;
Before the *Swediſh* Conqueſt they came in,
And ſome are lately Run away again,
Their num'rous Off-ſpring fills our *Poliſh* Rolls,
So cloſe allay'd to all our Native P*oles*;
" We hardly know from whence they came, or when,
" And yet they boaſt they're *True-born* Poliſh-men.
Theſe are the Men would pull the *Coſſacks* down,
And after them, *Auguſtus* and his Crown,
But P*oland*'s Genius Laught in *Hiſſing Air*,
And Guilt made all the *Rakes* diſcloſe their Fear,
The *BILL*'s thrown out, but ſtill they puſh their Cauſe,
In future *Dyet* hope for future *Laws*;
Rail at the *Coſſacks* falſe Conſtructions draw,
And *Bully* thoſe they cannot *Kill by Law*.
Bromsky with P*oliſh* Air, but *Swediſh* Skill,
Boaſts that he was the *Father of the Bill*:
In Foreign Parts he Travell'd much in Vain,
Juſt made a *Book*, and ſo came *Home* again:
Tells us he ſaw a *Bridge* at *Rocheſter*,
And when he was at *Chatham*, HE WAS THERE:
So when progreſſively to *France* he's come,
He Gravely ſays, *he knew he wa'n't at Home*;
Tells us he ſaw at *Oyſe* a ſad Diſaſter,
The Bride broke down, becauſe't *could ſtand no faſter*.
And at *Chantilly*, th' Prince of *Conde*'s Town,
A Caſtle ſtood, before they *pull'd it down*;
Monſtrevil's Fortify'd, but is not Strong,
Paris lyes round, and yet is two Mile long;
And, of the Buildings, this Sage *Truth* he tells,
They're gen'rally of *Stone*, OR *SOMETHING ELSE*
Some Lands lye high, ſome lower ſtill and lower,
And where the People are not *Rich*, *THEY'RE POOR*.
The Learned Author then proceeds to tell
How near the *Alps* he clamber'd up a Hill,
With many a weary Step, and many a Stride,
And ſo *came down again*, on t'other ſide.

Tell

Tell us at *Rome* he ſaw a ſwinging Church,
And reads a Learned *Lecture* on the Porch:
Inform'd the World in Print where he had been,
But bought the Books himſelf, for fear they ſhould be ſeen.
This worthy Author, warm with *Poliſh* Zeal,
Strives all the *Coſſacks* Freedom to repeal,
Corrects the Bill, and to remove our Doubt,
The *Perſecution Preamble* left out;
A Mark of Honeſt, to let us kno',
They Scorn'd to Hiee *what they reſolv'd to do*;
Sure of the Game, the Mask was ſo laid by,
And blinded *Coſſacks* ſaw their Deſtiny.
Thus fir'd with Party Zeal, he Read the Bill,
And ask'd the Dyet how they lik'd *his Stile*,
With many a Learned Speech and formal Face,
For *Italy* had taught him *the Grimace.*
The Exaſperated Fop his Plot Declares,
And to the Dyet makes *Revengeful Prayers*,
At *Coſſacks* Ruin, makes the Grand Eſſay,
And tacks the Churches Fall *the Shorteſt Way.*
Meersky, an Ancient Mercenary Pole,
With Vitious Body, and a Harden'd Soul,
Grown Old in *Crimes*, as he was Lame in *Senſe*,
But not at all decay'd in *Impudence*;
His long ſince baffl'd Conſcience told his Fate,
He owns he's Damn'd, and there's an end of that:
But for the *Coſſacks* Bill he rav'd ſo loud,
And ſo inflam'd his Old fermented Blood,
That ſome advis'd him to go home *to Bed*,
Open a Vein or Two, and Shave *his Head*,
Not knowing he had long ago been Mad.
The *Old Buffoon*, Debauch'd in early time,
Boaſts of his Vice, and Hugs himſelf in Crime:
Lewdneſs has Forty Years forſook the Beaſt,
And left his Vicious Body to its Age and Reſt;
But tho' the Active part of Vice is Dead,
The Rampant Devil's Regnant in his Head,
Hurries the Lewd Diſtemper'd Wretch along,
With vile *Blaſpheming Voice*, and *Baudy Tongue.*
Well might *an Antient Poliſh Bard* Decree,
Jouler the Hound, a Wiſer Beaſt than he:
Meersky has always been *the Dyets Jeſt*,
Laughs loudeſt at himſelf, to Pleaſe the reſt;
Betwixt the Extreams of Banter, and of Rage,
He made himſelf the Fool, *the Houſe*, *the Stage*,
The Poliſh *Merry-Andrew*, ſhifting Shapes,
'Till he's the very Block-Head which he Apes.

Wardsky

Wardsky, a Deputy of Northern Race,
Weak in his Head, but very ſtrong in Face;
Aſſurance many Bleſſings may contain,
And often times *ſupplies the want of Brain*;
A Junior Tookite forward in the Cauſe,
To Damn the *Coſſacks* by unheard of Laws;
A Scolding Clamouring Member, Vain and Loud,
Noiſy in Words, and *not a little proud*;
His *Poliſh* Fury ran before his *Sence*,
Mighty in Wit, vaſt in Impertinence;
The Hiſſing Dyet Laught, the Beau went on,
Mutter'd a Curſe or two, *and ſo ſat down.*
Satyr, make room for Men of *Poliſh* Wit,
Whoſe Zeal as well as Learning's too Polite:
A *Poliſh Tookite* of Collegiate Fame,
Hight *Anneſlesky*, that's his *Poliſh* Name.
He learnt ill Tongues *in Cambria's Famous Hall*,
And *very aptly* repreſents them all:
Down with the *Coſſacks* in his Darling Word,
The Bully Tongue ſupplies the Tamer Sword;
He damns the *Coſſacks* with Exalted Vote,
And horrid Language fills his raveing Throat;
Nor does it check the Man's degenerate Scorn,
To think that he *himſelf's a Caſſock Born*;
Rather than not ſuppreſs the Growing Evil,
He freely Votes *his Fathers to the Devil.*
Never did Univerſity pretend,
To *Poliſh* Dyet ſuch a Wretch to ſend;
'Tis own'd they did not Chuſe him for his Sense,
But he got in by Dint of Impudence;
A finiſh'd Coxcomb, with aſſuming Wit,
In all *but Senſe and Manners* he's Compleat,
So furniſht with the Language of the Town,
He made *our Dunghil Rhetorick*, all his own;
All his endeavours to ſupport the State,
H' *Expreſſes* in *the Stile of Billingſgate*;
Of Modeſty and Manners very ſhy,
And bleſt with every Gift but Honeſty.
Gransky was newly made a *Poliſh* Lord,
Tho' moſt Men thought 'twas haſty and abſur'd,
His Honour thus, before his Wealth ſhould riſe,
But that his *other Stock*, that Want ſupplies.
One farther Miſchief his Advancement brought,
Our Poliſh Mob have made the Grievance out;
May-fair and *Hockly* ſuffer ſuch a blow,
'Twill all the *Bears* and *Back-ſword-men* undo;

All things give way to Fate's eternal Doom,
The ſhouting Croud ha' loſt their Captain *Tom*.
See how the *Stage of Dirty Honour fails*,
And *Warſaw* her *Street-Colonel* bewails;
No more the *Gladiator* now appears,
Patron to all the *Whores*, and all the *Bears*,
The *Poliſh Smithfield* Butchers ſtorm and rage,
And ſable Weeds adorn the drooping Stage;
Prize-fighting Triumphs paſs no more *Cheap-ſide*,
Nor *female Champions* in their Armour ride,
The *Sword* and *Dagger-Heroes* are undone,
Gransky their Darling Patron, *Gransky*'s gone;
Auguſtus thus at one unhappy Word,
Loſt the wield Gentry firſt to gain the Lord.
Yet *Gransky* once the People's Humour Croſt,
He would be for the *Bill*, whate'er it coſt,
Though all the *Poles* their high Diſlike expreſt,
And ſo the *Bill* and *Lord* made up the Jeſt:
Gransky was always Zealous for the State,
But when the *Swedes* endanger'd *Poland*'s Fate,
He gravely Vow'd aud Swore he'd ne'er Aſſociate.
Not Vows nor Oaths can *Poliſh* Members bind,
When latent Proſpects prepoſſeſs the Mind;
For when he had the *Mareſchal's Chair* in View,
Thro' Forty Oaths that Bleſſing he'd Perſue.
Satyr, The Ambitious Wretch commiſerate,
Inſult no more a Man of adverſe Fate;
The Sullen Member, *Chragrin* and *Perplext*,
With high extreams of Pride, and Envy *Vexe*,
Becauſe from Speaking Office he muſt *Fall*,
For two long Years, *he'd hardly ſpeak at all.*
Auguſtus always, *all Men's Good* intends,
To make the Man of Miſchief ſome Amends,
He ſent him down among his *Weſtern* Friends:
The *Tinners* Petty Dyet he prepares,
Bear-Garden there, in *Minature Appears*;
The *Mobb-Aſſembly* healed his Diſcontent,
For *Rabble* always was his Element.
In High Mock-Majeſty, and awkward State,
He *Apes the Prince*, and thinks himſelf as great:
The Black Aſſembly, in the Sulph'rous Shades,
Where Mining Hand the Glitt'ring Oar Invades,
" *With all the Elder Devils of the Mines,*
" *He calls in Convocations like Divines*;
Mobb'd them a Speech, within their Smoaky Den,
Said *much of Nothing*, and came Home again.

Barkly,

Banksky, a New Contemporary Lord,
An Orator at *Poland's Chancery Board*,
Furnish'd with *Ciceronian* Eloquence,
And mighty *flights* of Language, *none of Sence*;
Speech-making was his due Paternal Fame,
And made his Voice *a Pun* upon his Name;
A Tongue-Pad Family of Wheedling Race.
And talks of *nothing* with a Wond'rous Grace.
Augustus mov'd him, as 'twas understood,
That he might do no Harm who did no Good:
The *Cossacks* at his Honour much Rejoice,
For right or wrong, they always lost his Voice;
And *Finchsky*'s glad of his Assistance here,
To check sometimes the too much talking *Peer*;
By Force to stop the forward weak Effort,
Least he should make the Dyet too much Sport:
How oft in Pity has he Pinn'd him down,
Whisper'd his Father's Credit, and his own:
Told him his Grandsire's old, substantial Rule,
That Silence never can describe a Fool.
Unhappy *Finsky*, had he been but Wise,
And took his Younger Brother's grave Advice,
Whartsky, *Mohunsky*, and a Hundred more,
Had been as Sober as they were before;
The *Dyet*'s Gravity had ne'er been broke.
For no Man Laugh'd but just when Finsky *spoke.*
Bucksky, a stalking, sharping, *Polish* Peer,
A Whoring, Gaming, Swearing *Chicaneer*;
How just is Fate in his well-known *Disease*,
To make him *Love* the *Whore* he cannot *Please*;
Strange Power of Vice, whose Fury will Prevail,
Possess the *Head* where it has left the *Tail*,
Nature grown Antick and Impertinent,
Lets *this* be Leud, and *that* be Impotent.
Had there been *Money* moving with the *Bill*,
Both Sides knew how to purchase his *good Will*;
His *Vote*'s so sure, it never can be lost,
'Tis always to be had by *Who bids most?*
Warsaw remembers him of Old *for that*,
Tho' other Members suffer'd *for the Cheat.*
When City Brothers *Orphans* fund pursue,
And lost their Bill, and lost their Money too.
His lofty Pallace now affronts the Park.
Lightsome the Tenement, th' Incumbent Dark;
The Emblematick Sides describe *his Grace*,
This *Double Front*, and that *a Double Face.*

Sibi

Sibi Moleſtus, on the Coyns appear,
Tho' moſt Men think his Lordſhip need not fear,
No Man can envy him, *his Heaven here*,
Lætantur Lares guilds the ſpacious Frize,
For Houſhold Gods dwell there of every Size;
'Twas ne'er for theſe he built the ſpacious Dome,
For all his Grace's Gods would lye in far leſs Room.
Guinsky, a *Tartar* of *Circaſſian* Race,
Whate'er he wants in Head, makes up in Face;
In ſpight of Title, will be call'd a *Pole*,
A *Ruſſian* Phys, and a *Tartarian* Soul:
In Prudence Light, and in his Follies Grave,
For Nature makes the Fool ſuppreſs the Knave:
A *Coſſack* Bred, but grew a Coxcomb Young,
His Wits Decreaſing, as his Pride grew ſtrong:
The ſhort Inſtruction had prepar'd his Mind,
But as his Vice encreas'd, his Sence declin'd;
Ambition now his antient Thoughts employs,
And all the little Grace he had deſtroys
With empty Notions; Occupies his Head,
In *Semskey's Weſtern* Empire to ſucceed;
Affects the antient Tyrant's vileſt Part,
To fawn with Spleen, and to inſult with Art:
In *Poland's Weſtern* Capital he Reigns,
Banters himſelf at moſt exceſſive Pains:
Seeks the Recorder's Chair, and fain he would
Diſpenſe thoſe Laws he never underſtood.
A *Hackney* Deputy for every Town,
But ſooneſt Choſen where he leaſt was known:
Full Thirty Years he did the Houſe moleſt,
The Dyet's Banter, and the Kingdom's Jeſt:
In ſtrong aſſuming Nonſence ſtill goes on,
Railing at Places, but forgets his own:
A Patent Broker Jobbs a great Employ,
That he may th' Money, *not the Poſt* Enjoy;
For Bear-Skin Places, Chaffers with the State,
Secures the Caſh, and leaves the reſt to Fate;
Enricht with Fraud, in Trick, and Cheat grown Old,
And Places Bought on purpoſe to be Sold.
Yet to compleat himſelf the Nation's Jeſt,
He damn'd the very Bribes that he poſſeſt:
By his own Vote, diſgorges ill got Fees,
And ſo by Law corrects his own Diſeaſe:

Thus he became the Dyet's daily Sport,
A Knave in *Council*, and a Boor at *Court*:
Learn'd without Letters, vain without *Conceit*,
Empty of Manners, over grown in Wit:
Of High Tyrannick Notions prepossest,
The fitter to be Monarch of the *West*,
When *Semsky*'s froward Spirits gone to Rest.
Powsky, a noisy *Polish* Advocate,
Grown Rich by Law, and busie in the State;
Gravely he speaks in *Polish* Bombast Stile,
And thinks the Dyet's Pleas'd, because they Smile;
Tho' *Finsky* could have laid him down the Rule,
A Wise Man's Smile's a Banter to a Fool:
But *Powsky* furnish'd with *Opinion Wit*,
None but uncommon Follies can commit;
In Thought profound, and in Contrivance vast,
Speaks best to every Question when 'tis past.
Some Rakish *Poles*, with these at once concurr'd,
Who Peace and *Cossacks* both alike abhorr'd;
Busie in Vice, but careless of the State,
Thoughtless of Party-Peace, or *Poland*'s Fate;
Of these, mad *Crakerosky* was the first,
Of all the *Polish* Deputies the worst;
Mean to a Proverb, and below Lampoon,
Was Born too late, and may be H---- too soon.
The former Dyets thrust him out of Doors,
And let him loose to Laws, and *Polish* Whores;
Tho' 'twas confest, the Bribe was not the Crime,
But 'twas *the R---e that Told on't* ruin'd him:
Cooksky, a City Knight, got out of Jayl,
Stock-jobb'd the *State*, to make the Bill prevail:
The *Dantzick* Merchant's Mercenary Tool,
A Knave in Trade, and in the State a F--l:
Once he to *Warsaw*'s Castle did withdraw,
Secur'd against his Creditors by Law.
The Dyet did his Crimes indeed persue,
But Fate concur'd the Jayl that was his due,
Was Punishment, and was Protection too:
Vilely he Spent, what basely he had Won,
By Bribes Enricht, and by that Wealth undone.
These are the Men, that Govern *Poland*'s Fate,
And pull her down to make her very great;
With a vast Crowd that serve their Prince in Vain,
With busie Heads, but very Empty Brain,

With

With hasty Vote promote the *Cossacks* Fate,
And to preserve the Church, undo the State.
Consolidating *Heroes* who supply
Their want of Sense, with want of Honesty;
But still *Augustus* in the Center stands,
And guides the dangerous Reins with steady Hands.
Supported by his People's chearful Aid,
No more at false *Livonians* he's dismay'd,
Or of the fierce invading *Swedes* afraid:
The Dyet rises, and the King intends
To purge his Houshold, and reform his Friends:
Dismisses from his Presence and his Pay,
The Guilty *Poles*, who hardly durst their Sentence stay,
But fled before the High Command came down,
And left him still possess'd of his long envy'd Crown.
So *Semsky* first dismist th' awakened Court,
To Western *Poles* conveys the swift report,
Tells them in what Disgust he came away,
Because h'had been too great a R---ke to stay;
That all his late proclaim'd Disgrace had been,
Because he wanted Manners to his Qu---n;
The Case was hard, since it was always known,
He scorn'd his Birth, and vow'd to die a Clown:
A Boar of Quality, to whom it chanc'd,
That for his Anti-merit was advanc'd.
Villiaski follow'd, conscious of his Crimes,
Loth to account for *Sobieski*'s Times;
Augustus Sobieski's rule pursues,
This can't employ the Wretch could that abuse;
Equal their Right, He that could that betray,
It can't be fairly thought, should this obey.
Finski prevented the approaching Fates,
And wisely his own Fall anticipates:
The Courtier with the States man he resign'd,
Guilt taught him so much of his Prince's Mind.
Too happy *Poland*, if thy Sons but knew,
How their own just Deliverance to persue:
Let the Degenerate Palatines combine,
Their Prince and Liberties to undermine;
Call in the *Swedes*, consult, confederate,
With the Insatiate En'mies of the State:
'Tis all in vain, Heaven points the Sacred Way,
To them that dare *Augustus* still obey.
Let them but in his juster Cause unite,
'Tis Justice and the Law make Cowards fight.

They

They that Advance to Liberty's Defence
Find double Vigour in their Innocence.
Invading *Swedes* will never once prevail,
Till *Poland*'s Peace at home begins to fail.
Long may *Augustus* wear the *Polish* Crown,
And *Poland* his Triumphant Glories own:
His Council steady, and his States men Just,
When these are happy once, *The Monarch must.*
If there's a States-man honest and upright,
Whom neither Knaves can bribe, nor Fools invite;
Who with unbyas's't hands can hold the Reins,
And seeks to save his Countries lost Remains,
That loves the People and obeys the Crown,
And seeks the Nations safety, not his own:
Unhappy Poland! find the *Hero* out,
Court him, Let Great Augustus Court him to't.
Let no State Niceties prevent his Choice,
All Poland calls him with united Voice.
'Tis done, the Polish Genius has prevail'd,
And Heaven has this new Blessing just Intail'd:
Not all the *Swede*'s Invading Troops shall awe,
The Loyal *Poles* their Duty to withdraw;
Confederate Lords with their disloyal Train,
Shall always make the vile Attempt in vain.
While Heaven directs *Augustus*, to apply,
To Men of *Council*, *Men* of *Honesty*,
'T's a certain Sign there is Deliverance nigh.
How happy is *Augustus* in his Choice,
That makes the *Swedes* repine, the *Poles* rejoice:
See how the secret black Cabals abate,
And quit their Councils to avoid their Fate.
The *Male-Contents* Discern their vile Mistake,
And old degenerate Principles forsake.
See how for early Pardon now they sue,
And their Allegiance openly renew.
The Happy Monarch sees the Cloud disperse,
And distant Peace shall guild the Universe;
The *Poles* their Loyalty begin to show,
But *Satyr, view the Men that made it so.*
A Prince's Choice of Ministry and State,
Determines both his Wisdom and his Fate.
Wise Councils may a weaker Prince Restore,
But none has these, but what were wise before.
Grave *Casimir* revolving and sedate,
The Dyet's *Marshal* plac'd in *Finsky*'s Seat,
This Guides the Treasure, That directs the State.
Augustus has found out the *happy Two*,
That his abstracted Int'rest can pursue;
Employ their abler Heads t'assist his Crown,
Regard *His Interest* and neglect their own:
With Equal Zeal, in *Poland*'s Safety join,
May all that love Augustus thus Combine.

No

No Secret Crime their Personal Vertue stains,
No Swedish Poyson'd Blood Infects their Veins:
Strangers to Avarice, they're well describ'd,
With *Hearts* untainted, and with *Hands* unbrib'd.
The *Polish* Greatness is their true design,
How long has Poland *mourn'd for two such Men!*
That count the Nation's Happiness their own,
Retrieve our Credit, and support our Throne;
Our *Bankrupt* Funds, and *mortgag'd Cash* restore,
And make us *Rich* by *That* which made us *Poor*.
The Nation's Joy in their Advancements seen,
And growing Triumphs Crown the peaceful Reign!
Long may *Augustus* their just Cares enjoy,
Till their true *Measures* all his *Fears* destroy.
Till all *Livonian* Plots in *Embrio's* lye,
Abortive *Treasons* in *Conception* die;
Traytors surrender to unerring Law,
And *Swedish Troops* from *Polish Lands withdraw*.
A universal Satisfaction shines,
And coming Peace appears in their Designs.
A flowing *Cash* will due *Success* secure;
'Tis this alone must end the Swedish *War*,
For things are alter'd, Fighting's grown absurd,
'Tis now the Purse that Conquers, not the Sword.
And he that can the *Polish* Wealth advance,
Strikes at the *Root* of *Swedeland*, and of *France*.
This *Casimir* has done, and *This* alone
Has chang'd so much of late the smiling Scene;
These are the Agents of the *Polish* Peace,
To these we freely own our *Happiness*;
Firmly the willing *Poles* to these adhere,
Love 'em with Joy, and trust 'em without Fear.
Fixtly the gen'ral Int'rest they pursue,
With faithful Vigour publick Business do,
For *This* Belov'd by *Pole* and *Cossack* too.

The Conclusion.

OF all the needful Helps to Sov'reign Rule,
The useful'st Thing in Poland *is a Fool*;
Among the *Utensils* of Government,
No *Tool*, like Him, supplies the grand Intent:
When he's in close *Cabal*, and *Council* set,
To turn the monst'rous *Wind-Mill* of the State.
The huge, unweildy, tott'ring Fabrick stands.
Too solid for his Head, too heavy for his Hands:
The Force Reverts, and with the swift Recoil,
Assuming Statesmen perish in the Broil.
So, Mischief like, the high returning Tide,
Brings sure Destruction on it's Author's Head;
As *Engineers*, that ill support their Mine,
Sink in the Ruine of their own Design.

Poland,

Poland, how ſtrangely has thy Land been bleſt,
By Fools redeem'd, when e'er by Knaves oppreſt:
The graver Blockheads of thy tott'ring State,
Protect thy Fame, and help to make thee Great.
For when they might thy Government o'erthrow,
The harmleſs *Things themſelves* alone undo.
The untrain'd Politicians court their Fate,
If *Knaves* were never *Fools*, they'd ſoon blow up the State.
Here Men the *Dignity of Folly* gain,
And never live without their Wits *in vain*;
The empty *Head*, and noiſy *Tongue* appear,
A Step to Fame, and Dubs a *Poliſh* Peer.
Coxcombs of huge, uncommon Size we find,
And *Fools* beyond the Rate of humane Kind,
No Nation can ſuch *happy Blockheads* ſhow,
Fools of *Deſign*, and *Fools* of *Learning* too;
With neceſſary *Dulneſs* ſo ſupply'd,
Their want of *Brains* has all the *Vice* deſtroy'd:
So gravely *ſilly*, ſo refin'dly *dull*,
So clear the *Head*, and yet ſo thick the *Skull*;
So damn'd to *Forms*, and ſo ty'd up to *Rules*,
Poland ſhall vye with all the World for *Fools*.
In Council *haſty*, in Performance *ſlow*,
No Nation ſuch a Breed of *Fools* can ſhow:
Purſe proud and Fanciful they boaſt of Senſe,
A certain Sign 'tis but a vain Pretence,
Loſs of Diſcretion's their chief Happineſs,
No Men that want their Brains can want them leſs.
Theſe are the Manufactures of the Land,
The Props on which our *Poliſh* Freedoms ſtand;
That many a *Poliſh* Province repreſent,
And join'd with *Knaves* make up a *Poliſh* Parliament:
That help to puzzle Cauſes in the *Houſe*,
And *Hunt* a Queſtion, as a *Fox* a *Gooſe*:
Strange Miracles they often-times perform,
And *Calm* the *Dyet* when 'tis in a *Storm*.
Meersky the Grand Exper'ment often made,
Has made them *Laugh* and *Rage*, be *Pleas'd* and *Mad*:
Nature made *Fools* a *Dernier* high *Reſort*,
To *temper* Men of *Senſe*, and make them *Sport*:
Like *David*'s Harp they can the Nation Doze,
And drive the *Devil* from the *Crazy Houſe*.
Satyr, forbear to ſearch the Wound too far,
Leſt *Poland*'s latent Errors ſhould appear;
'ts Enough, the Nation knows the curſt Deſign,
Has broke the Project, and has *Markt the Men*.
Auguſtus ſees, Heaven has his Soul inform'd,
The *Fools* are all laid by, the *Knaves* diſarm'd;
Wiſdom and *Temper* ſettles *Polana*'s Fate,
And *Moderation* Guides the Helm of State,
'Tis this makes Poland *ſafe*; *this makes* Auguſtus *Great*.

FINIS.